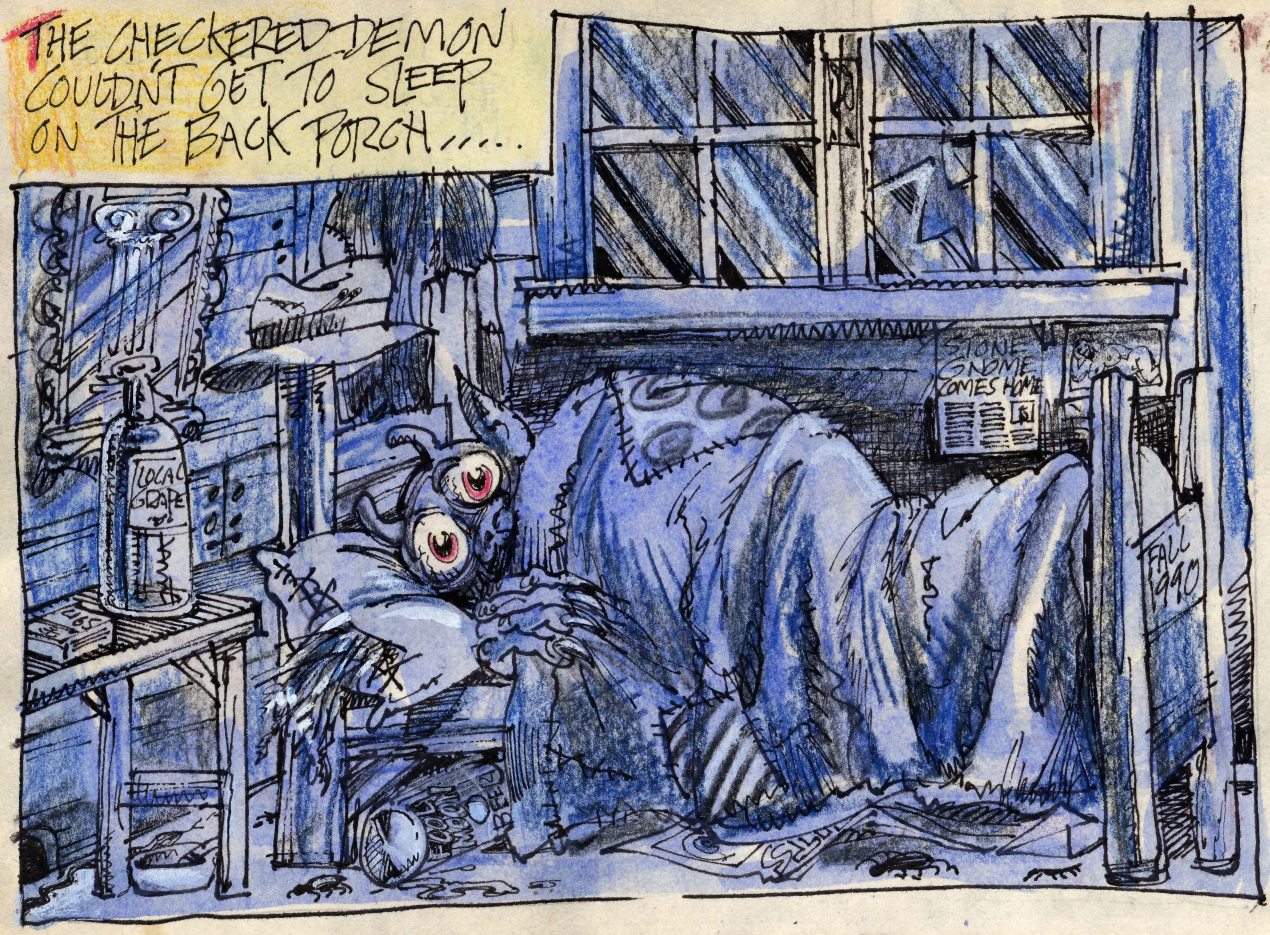
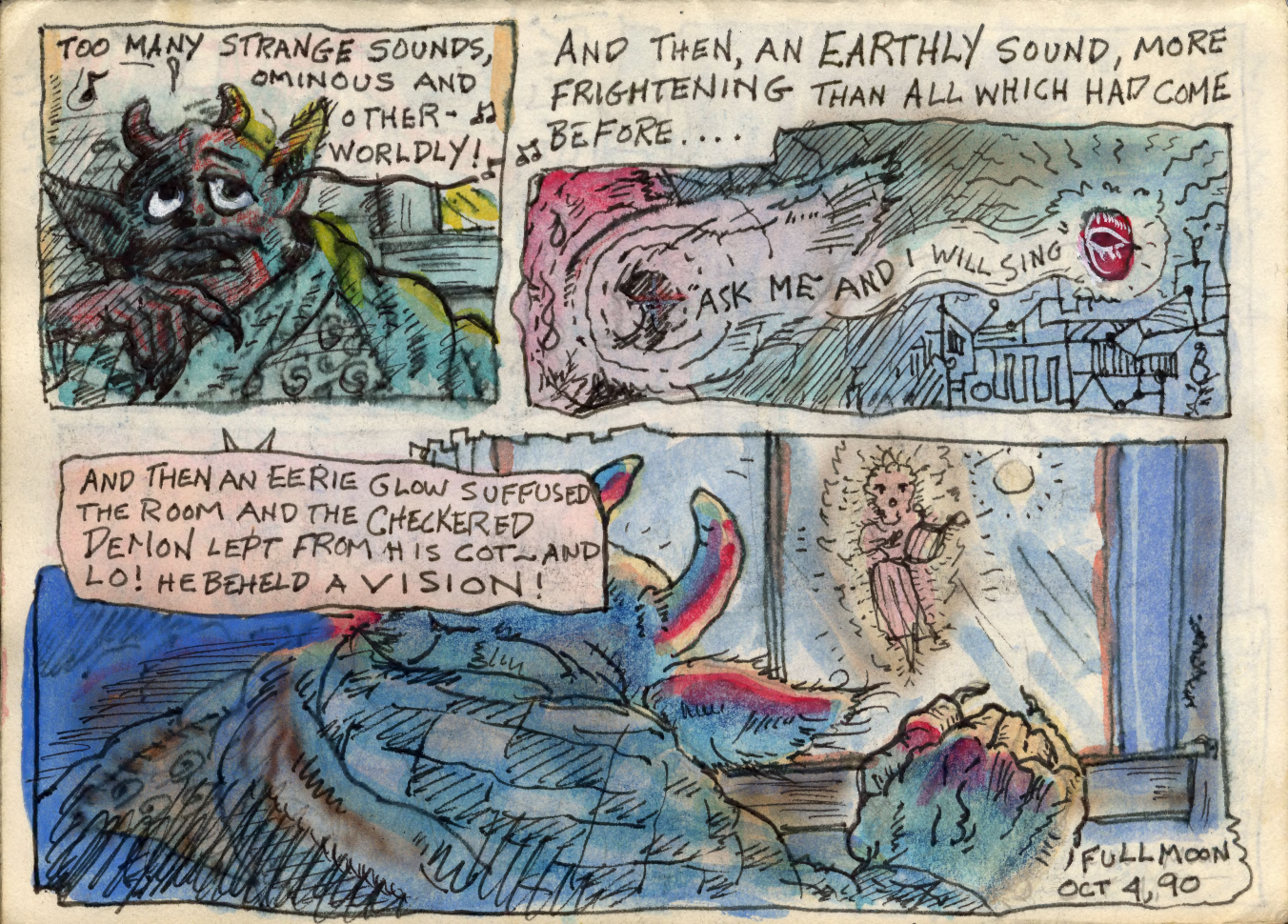
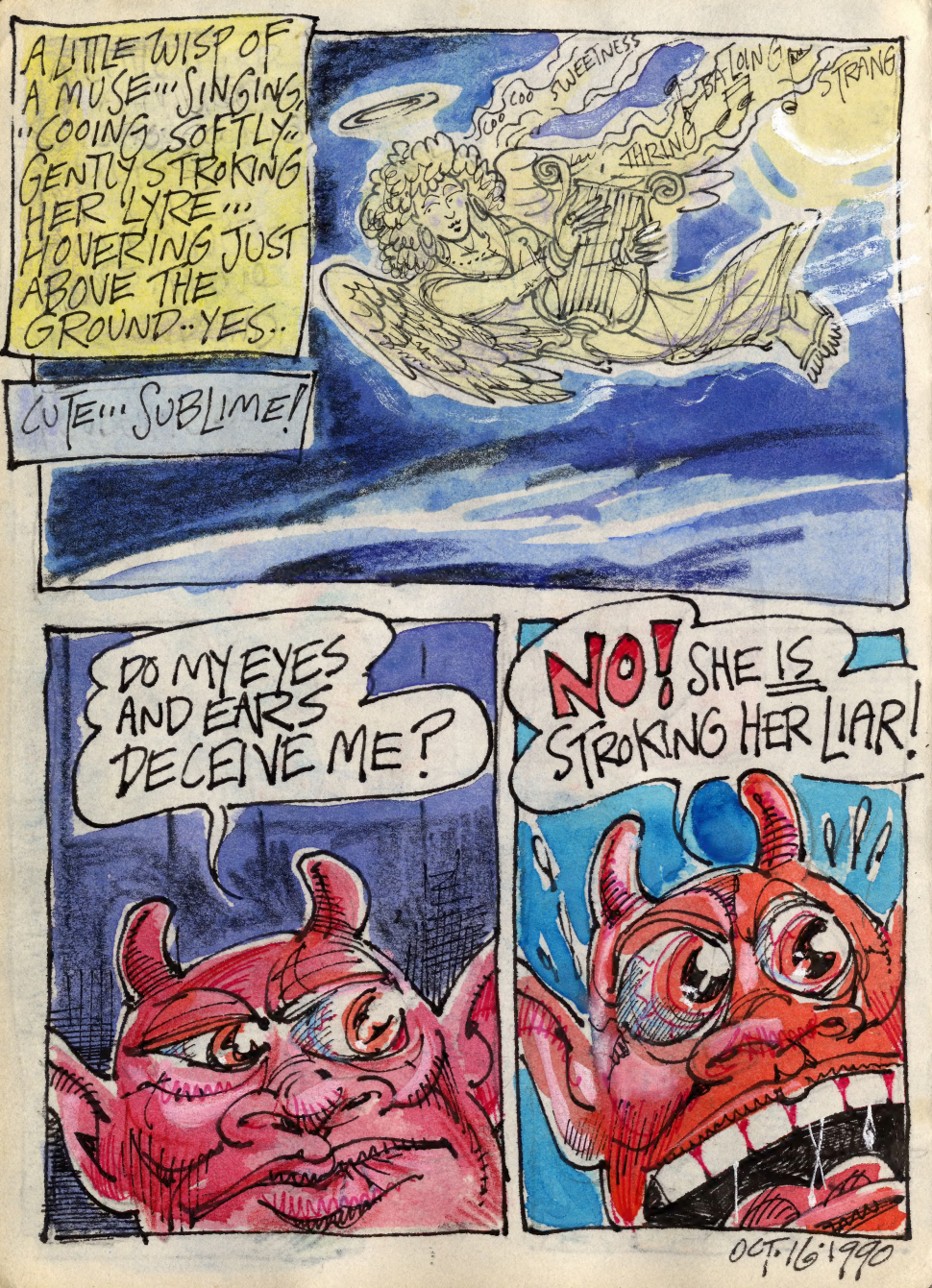
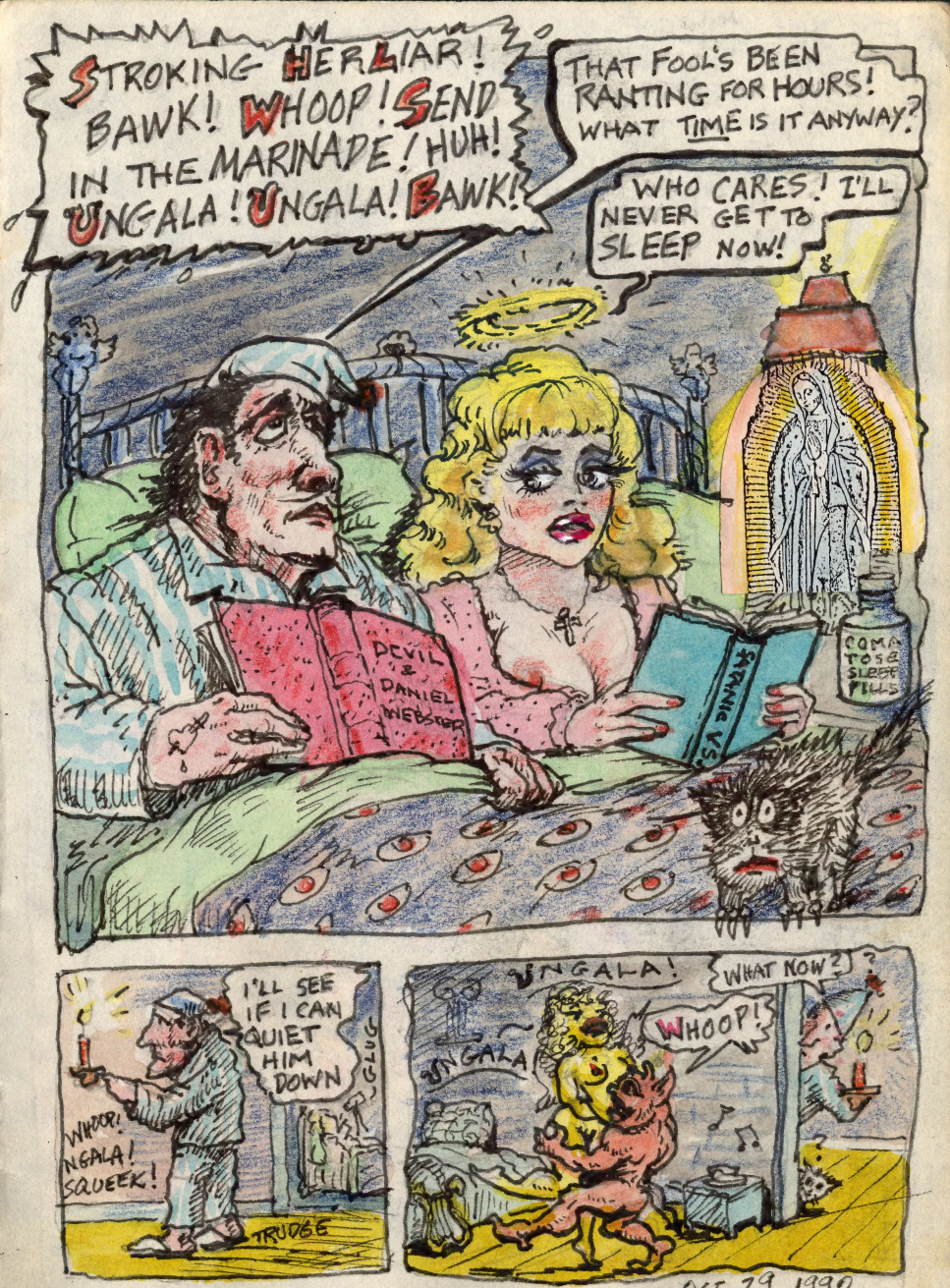
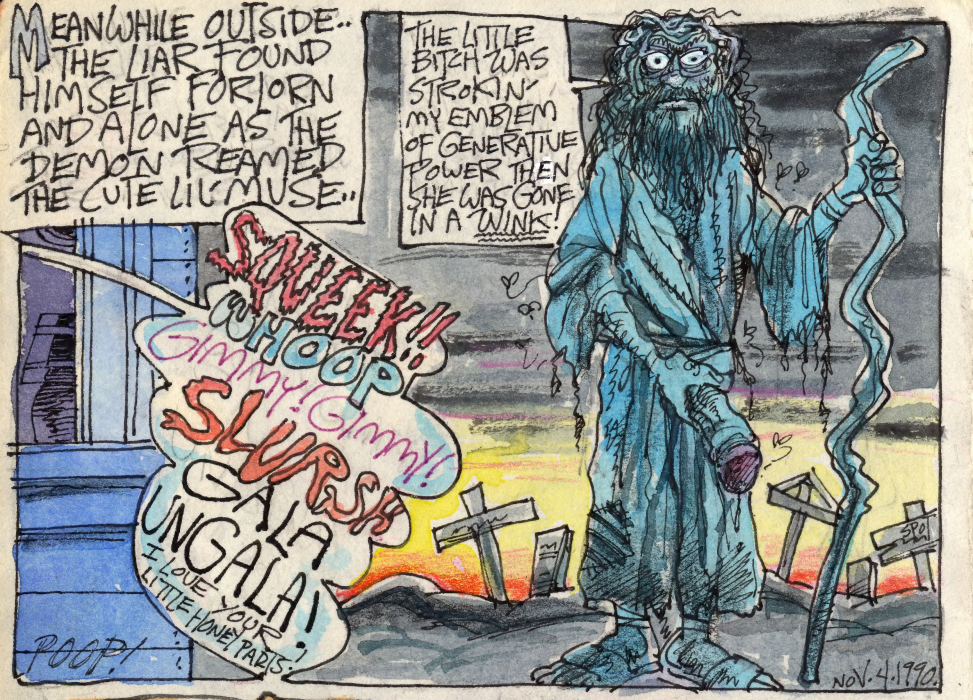
THE LIAR'S TIMES
HUDSON OR BUST
SPRING ISSUE 1999
#MY PADDY WAS A HANDSOME DEVIL-2
R.I.P.
BA-LOING
DONE BY ARTISTS
OLD WORLD CRAPSMEN
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU HAPPY BIRTHDAY DEAR DAVEY HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU AND MANY MOORE WE REACHED THE COVER-DEC. 11. 1998. AND YOU TURNED 58
WHO'S MINNIE MOORE?
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED
WARNING: CONTAINS GRAPHIC SCENES OF SEX, VIOLENCE AND DRINKING OF SPIRITS

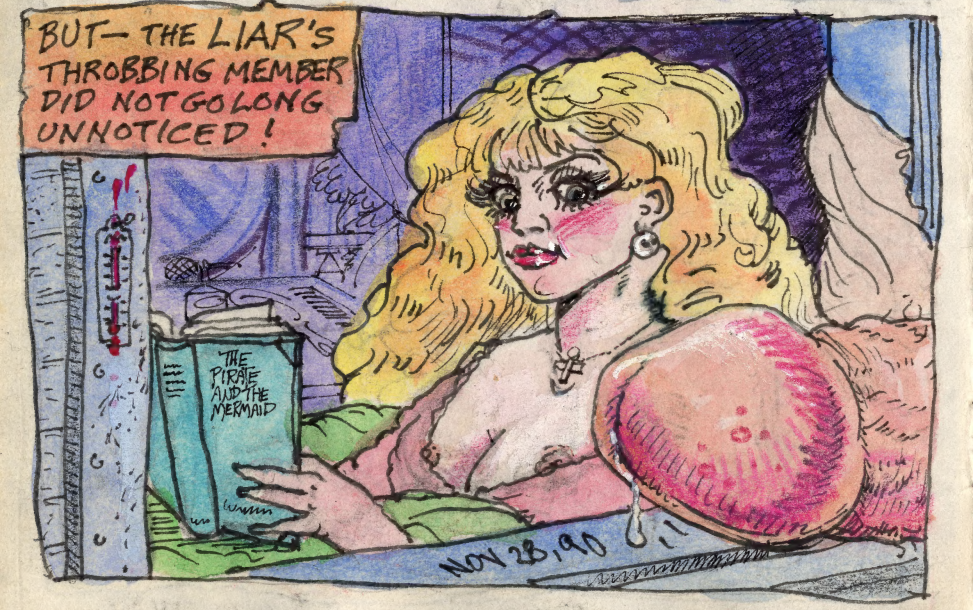

THE CHECKERED DEMON COULDN'T GET TO SLEEP ON THE BACK PORCH.....
LOCAL GRAPE
STONE GNOME COMES HOME
FALL 1990

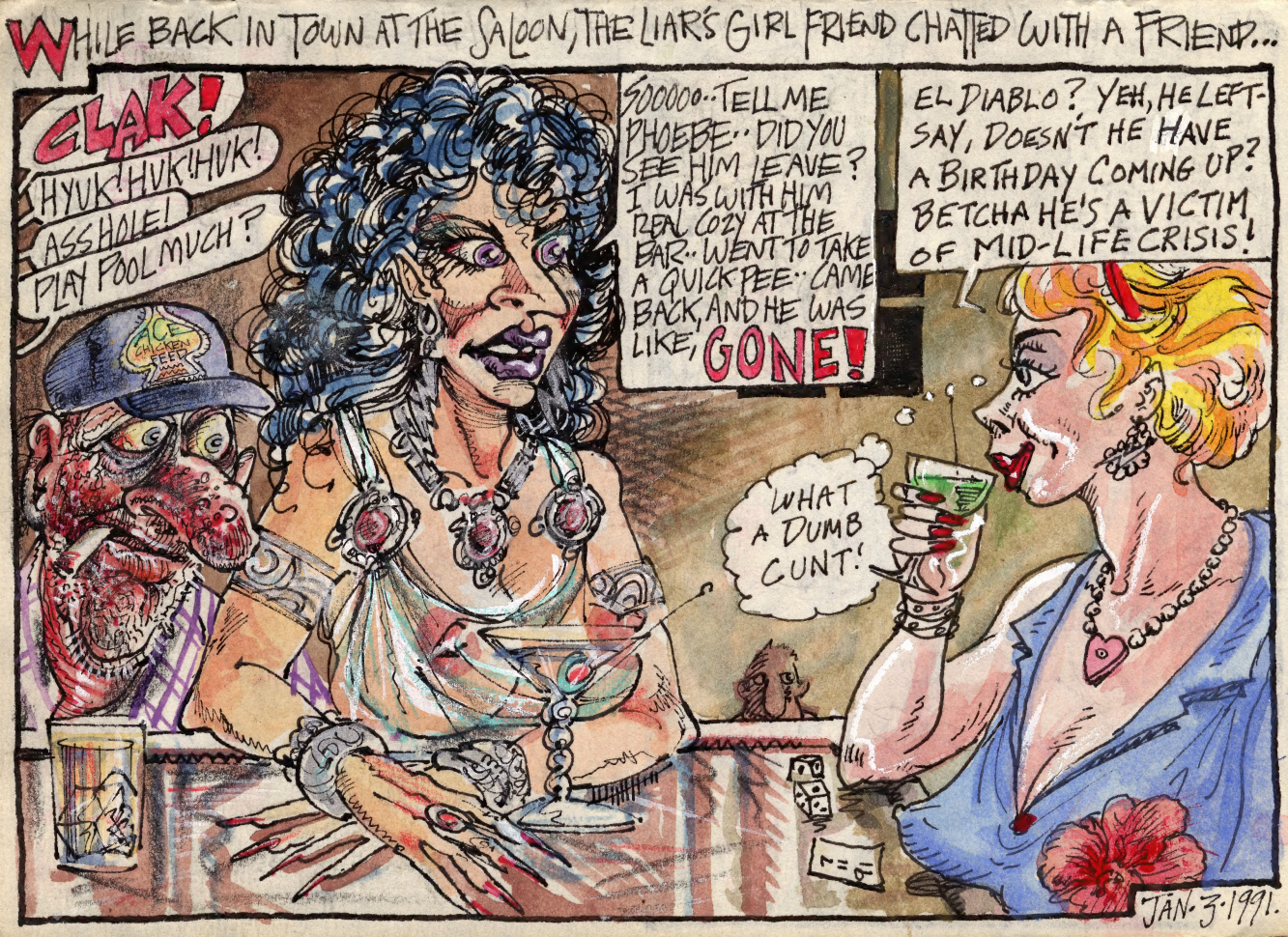

TOO MANY STRANGE SOUNDS, OMINOUS AND OTHER-WORLDLY!
AND THEN, AN EARTHLY SOUND, MORE FRIGHTENING THAN ALL WHICH HAD COME BEFORE....
"ASK ME AND I WILL SING
AND THEN AN EERIE GLOW SUFFUSED THE ROOM AND THE CHECKERED DEMON LEPT FROM HIS COT-AND LO! HE BEHELD A VISION!
FULLMOON OCT 4, 90


A LITTLE WISP OF A MUSE... SINGING, "COOING SOFTLY" GENTLY STROKING HER LYRE... HOVERING JUST ABOVE THE GROUND.. YES..
CUTE... SUBLIME!
COO COO SWEETNESS
STRAINS
THRILLS
DO MY EYES AND EARS DECEIVE ME?
NO! SHE IS STROKING HER LIAR!
OCT. 16. 1990

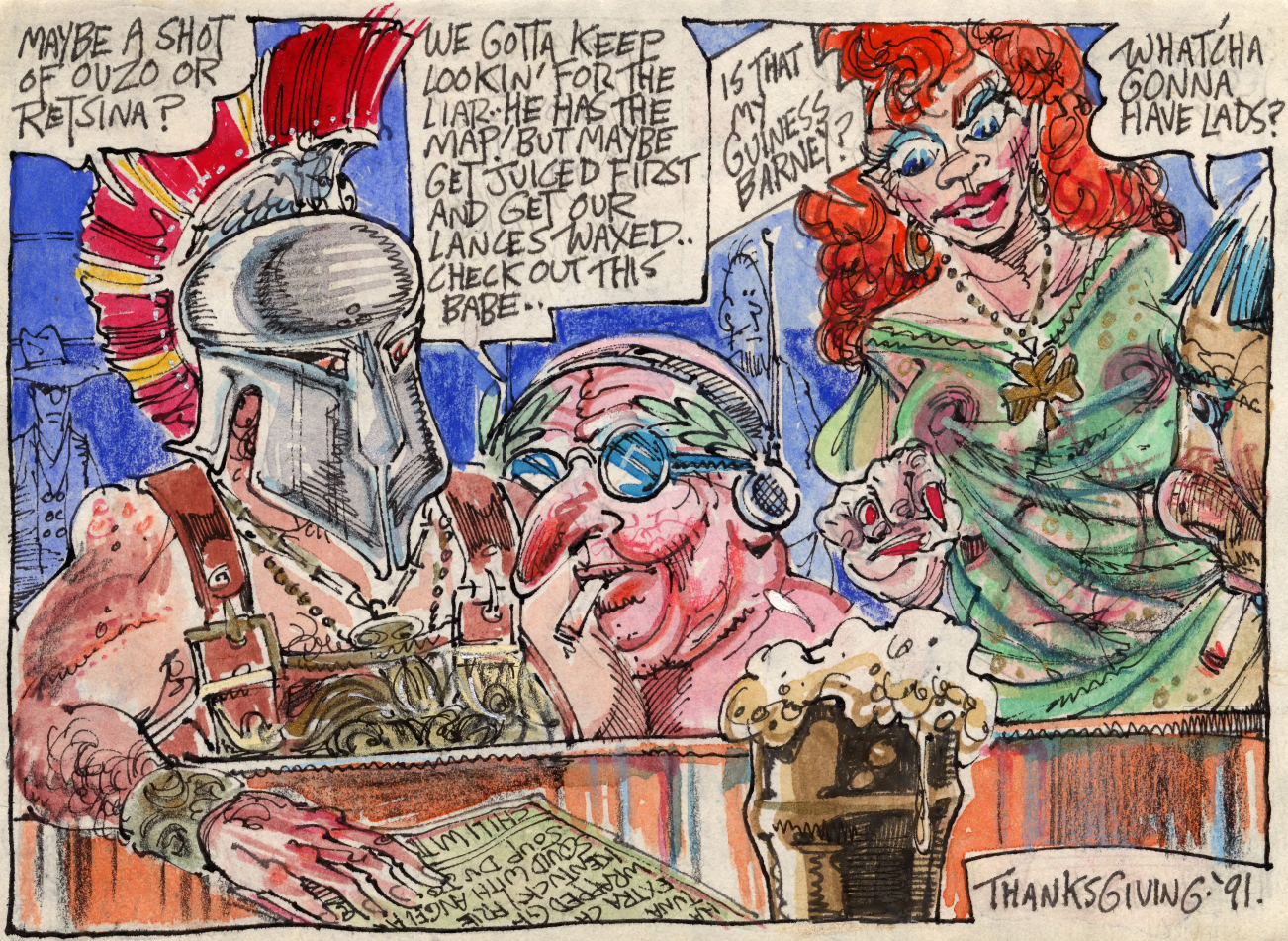

STROKING HER LIAR! BAWK! WHOOP! SEND IN THE MARINADE! HUH! UNGALA! UNGALA! BAWK!
THAT FOOL'S BEEN RANTING FOR HOURS! WHAT TIME IS IT ANYWAY?
WHO CARES! I'LL NEVER GET TO SLEEP NOW!
DEVIL & DANIEL WEBSTER
SPRING
COMA TOSE SLEEP PILLS
I'LL SEE IF I CAN QUIET HIM DOWN
GLUG
WHOOP! NGALA! SQUEEK!
TRUDGE
UNGALA!
WHAT NOW?
UNGALA
WHOOP!
OCT 29, 1990


MEANWHILE OUTSIDE.. THE LIAR FOUND HIMSELF FORLORN AND ALONE AS THE DEMON REAMED THE CUTE LIL' MUSE..
THE LITTLE BITCH WAS STROKIN' MY EMBLEM OF GENERATIVE POWER THEN SHE WAS GONE IN A TWINK!
SQUEEK!!
OOHOOP
GIMMY! GIMMY!
SLURSH
GALA
UNGALA!
I LOVE YOUR LITTLE HONEY PARTS!
POOP!
NOV. 4. 1990.


BUT— THE LIAR'S THROBBING MEMBER DID NOT GO LONG UNNOTICED!
THE PIRATE AND THE MERMAID
NOV 28, 90


WHILE BACK IN TOWN AT THE SALOON, THE LIAR'S GIRL FRIEND CHATTED WITH A FRIEND...
CLAK!
HYUK! HVK! HVK!
ASSHOLE! PLAY POOL MUCH?
CHICKEN FEED
SOOOOO.. TELL ME PHOEBE.. DID YOU SEE HIM LEAVE? I WAS WITH HIM REAL COZY AT THE BAR.. WENT TO TAKE A QUICK PEE.. CAME BACK, AND HE WAS LIKE, GONE!
EL DIABLO? YEH, HE LEFT- SAY, DOESN'T HE HAVE A BIRTHDAY COMING UP? BETCHA HE'S A VICTIM OF MID-LIFE CRISIS!
WHAT A DUMB CUNT!
JAN. 3. 1991.

OUTSIDE..
I WONDER IF THE LIAR'S IN THIS SALOON PLAYIN' DICE?
MAYBE.. IF NOT..
WELL LOOK FOR HIM LATER TO TAKE HIM BACK.. IM THIRSTY AND HORNY LETS MAKE A PIT-STOP HERE!
SPQR
VRRROAAMMM SOLT!
JULI·30·1991
INSIDE..
SQUEK
TRES OUTRE, EH, AUGUST. US?
JA!
AUG 16 91


MAYBE A SHOT OF OUZO OR RETSINA?
WE GOTTA KEEP LOOKIN' FOR THE LIAR. HE HAS THE MAP! BUT MAYBE GET JUICED FIRST AND GET OUR LANCES WAXED.. CHECK OUT THIS BABE..
IS THAT MY GUINESS BARNEY?
WHATCHA GONNA HAVE LADS?
THANKSGIVING '91.

BY ZEUS THIS HELMET IS HOT!
GIMME A COLD BREWSKI BARKEEP!
AND HURRY IT UP!!
CARE TO SUCK THE FOAM OFF MY GUINNESS BIG BOY?
RES IPSA!
SCRITCH!
SEPTUS
XX III
XC II

ABOVE THE PUB.. ANOTHER FACTION CHATS..
WELL.. LETS GO TRY AND FIND OUR HARP, STRUMMIN LAD WITH THE MAP.. GIMMY THE CAR KEYS, O'BRIEN
MAYBE GO DOWN STAIRS FOR A JAR FIRST..
GOOD IDEA
WERE WAY BEHIND SCHEDULE.. MAP FIRST.. THEN DRINK.
ROUND UP THE LADS LIAM!
I WANT SOME MORE, MOORE.. ALL YOU GUYS DO IS DRINK AND FIGHT!
SEIN FINN
SEPT. 8. 1993
WAY OVERDUE DUDE

SOON..
THE CAR'S HERE!
HURRY UP! YE FUCKIN' IDJITS!
SHAFAZZ FLOKJSH
FINNEGAN'S WAKE
EESH 'BOUT TIME TO FIND THE LIAR!
BURP
ALES
FINNEGANS WAKE
GLUG GLUG
SINN FEIN
HOME
ELSEWHERE SHE WAITS..
I WISH MY LIAR WOULD GET HERE QUICK.. LYIN- AND SINGING WISHIN TO LICK MY CLIT..
HMMMM MMMM
WHATS THAT NOISE? COULD THAT BE HE?
SCRAPE
BUMP
SALMON FLAVORED CONDOMS
AT LAST! YOU'VE COME!
WHATCHEW TALKING 'BOUT? I JUST GOT HERE!
AUG 29 1996
FULL MOON PAM IS BACK- JULY 31 1996!

AHEM WELL NOT QUITE YET.
I'LL JUST STROKE MY LIAR UNTIL YOU DO COME. THEN WE'LL HAVE A SUMPTUOUS BRUNCH HONEY...
..HONEY GLAZED HOG
PIG PENIS?
HAM? POKE LOIN? BACON?
ARCH. YEARN..
I DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS!!!
Sept. 9. 1996
OINK!
COME BACK YOU SWINE!
HARK! IT'S HIM! AND HE HAS THE MAP!
HUH?
Oct 11 1996

WHERE DID THIS VILE SPEEDING KNOT OF BRISTLING PIG EMERGE?
PLORK!
ZIP
NOV·26·96
GOMPF
THAT PET PIG OF YOURS LEAPED INTO THAT CAR 'FULLA' HARPS!
WOW! WHAT A LOAD HE DUMPED DOWN MY THROAT. HE MUSTA BEEN SAVIN' UP A LONG TIME!
MEANWHILE... STUNNED BY THE RUDE IMPACT OF SWINE SNOUT...
CRASH!!
BEJIT!
I WANT TO FUCK ONE OF THESE LADS IN THEIR HOSPITAL BED.
OH JOY!
SCREECH
SWERVE
MARCH 12·1997.

FAITH AND BEGORRAH!
YEE HAW!
WHOOP!
BOING BOING!
CRASH
SQUEEK
I MUSTA DIED AN' GONE TO HEBBIN!!
UNGALA!
SQUEEK!
SQUEEK!
WHOOP!
THROB
KERASH!
WHOOP
UNGALA!
AND SO AS ROSY FINGERED DAWN APPEARED...
NOT AGAIN!
WHAT IN BLAZES??
UNGAL...HUH?
POP
HAPPY TRAILS
WAKE UP!
BONK!
WAKE UP YOU EEJIT!
HIT HIM HARDER A WIMP!
OUCH!! THANKS! I NEEDED THAT!
WHAT A WACKY DREAM--DID YOU BOP ME ON THE HEAD JUST NOW, LIAR?
NO! I CERTAIN! DID NOT--LET'S GO TO THE VILLAGE FOR A PUB LUNCH BEFORE CONTINUING ON OUR PILGRIMAGE.
WHATTAYA SAY--HUH?
OCT 14 1989

AND WE NOW HAVE REACHED THE COVER BACK FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY: DEC. 11 2000000000
MISTER MOORE
..AND HERE BE HIS POOR SHOT HEART.
WE LOVED HIM SO
SNIFF
FLIT
(SOB) I FOR ONE WILL MISS HIS LYIN' ASS..
HERE LIES THE LIAR R.I.P.
SNIFF
MOLE HOLE ALERT
FEB 2001
20
THE END